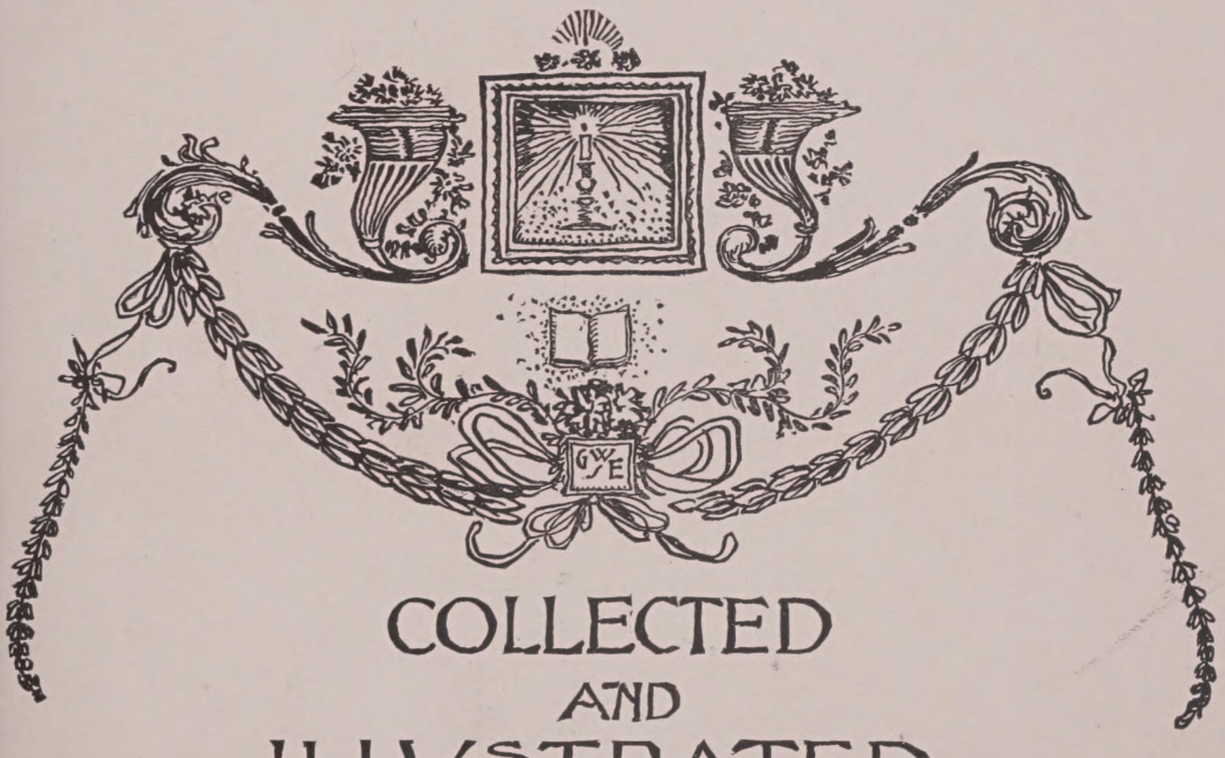
THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

SUNDRY RHYMES

SUNDRY

RHYMES from THE DAYS OF OUR GRANDMOTHERS



COLLECTED
AND
ILLUSTRATED
BY

George Wharton Edwards

NEW YORK
A·D·F·RANDOLPH & CO
MDCCCLXXXVIIJ

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
RECEIVED
OCT 22 1888
COPYRIGHT ENTRY
WASHINGTON.

Copyright
1888
by
A.D.F. Randolph
& Co.

copy 2.

PR5549
.T2
1888a
copy 2

University Press:
John Wilson and Son, Cambridge.

A DEDICATION:

To
A. J. C.
I
dedicate these
little Drawings.

George Wharton-Edwards.

Plainfield N. J.
June 25th 1888.

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

Page

Half-title 13

Meddlesome Matty 15

Tail-piece 21

Spring 23

" 27

The Hand-Post 29

" 33

Old Age 35

" 39

The Shepherd Boy 41

" 47

The Butterfly 49

" 51

The Nightingale 53

" 55

Who'll come and Play 57

" 61

Turnip-Tops 63

" 67

Day 69

" 73

Page

The Yellow Leaf 75

Tail-piece 79

The English Girl 81

" 83

Mischief 85

" 89

Jane and Eliza 91

" 95

Rising in the Morning 97

" 99

Going to Bed at Night 101

" 103

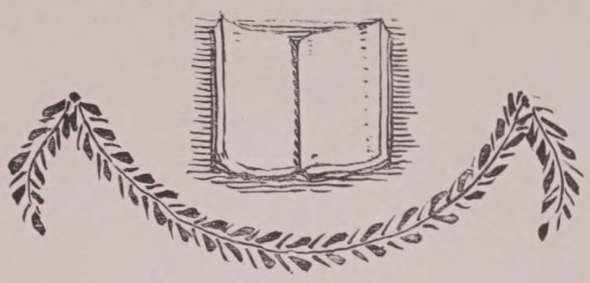
The Village Green 105

" 109

End Piece 111

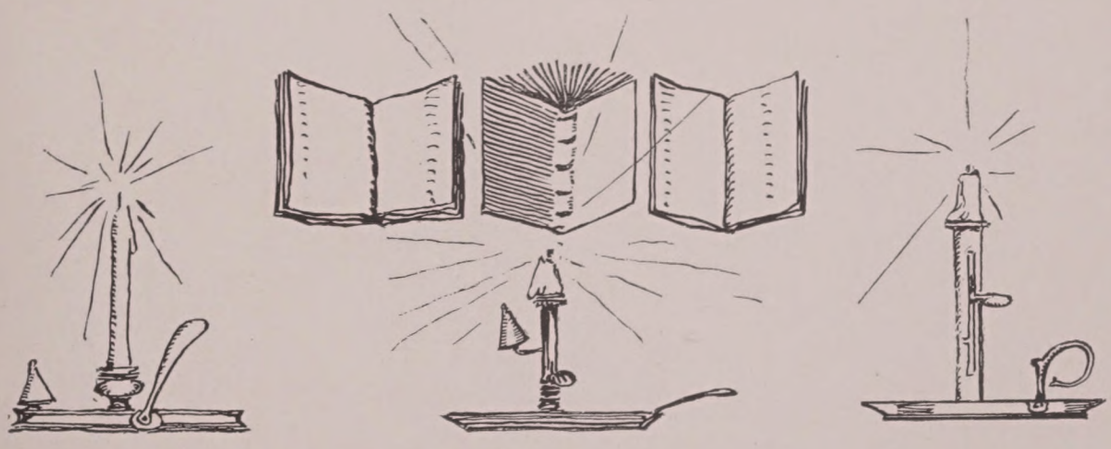
A TABLE OF FIRST LINES.

	Page
Oh, how one ugly Trick has ſpoiled	17
Ah! ſee how the Ices are melting away . .	25
The Night was dark, the Sun was hid . . .	31
Who is this that comes tott'ring along? . .	37
Upon a Mountain's graſſy ſide	43
The Butterfly, an idle Thing	51
Thy plaintive Notes, sweet Philomel	55
Who 'll come and play with me here? . . .	59
While yet the white Frost ſparkles over the Ground	65
The Sun riſes bright in the Air	71
I saw a Leaf come tilting down	77
Sporting on the Village Green	83
Let thoſe who 're fond of idle Tricks . . .	87
There were two little Girls, neither handſome nor plain	93
Thrice welcome to my opening Eyes	99
Receive my Body, pretty Bed	103
On the cheerful Village Green	107



In Bookſ, or workſ,
Or healthſul play,
Let my firſt yearſ be past,
That I may giue for euery day
Some good accompt at laſt.

·G·W·E· (Wattſ.)



"Oh, how one ugly Trick has spoil'd
The sweeteſt and the beſt!"

MEDDLESOME MATTY.

1 OH, how one ugly Trick has ſpoil'd
The ſweeteſt and the beſt!
Matilda, though a pleaſant Child,
One ugly Trick poſſeſſ'd,
Which, like the Cloud before the Skies,
Hid all her better Qualities.

2 Sometimes ſhe 'd lift the Teapot Lid,
To peep at what was in it;
Or tilt the Kettle, if you did
But turn your Back a Minute.
In vain you told her not to touch,
Her Trick of Meddling grew ſo much.

3 Her Grandmamma went out one Day,
And by Miſtake ſhe laid
Her Spectacles and Snuff-box gay
Too near the little Maid.
"Ah, well!" thought ſhe, "I 'll try them on,
As ſoon as Grandmamma is gone."

Forthwith

4 Forthwith ſhe placed upon her Noſe
The Glaſſes, large and wide;
And looking round, as I ſuppoſe,
The Snuff-box too ſhe ſpied.
"Oh, what a pretty Box is this!
I 'll open it," ſaid little Miſs.

5 "I know that Grandmamma would ſay,
'Don't meddle with it, Dear;'
But then, ſhe 's far enough away,
And no one elſe is near;
Beſide, what can there be amiſs
In op'ning ſuch a Box as this?"

6 So Thumb and Finger went to work
To move the ſtubborn Lid;
And preſently a mighty Jerk
The mighty Mischief did.
For all at once — ah, woeful Caſe! —
The Snuff came puffing in her Face!

7 Poor Eyes and Noſe and Mouth and Chin
A diſmal Sight preſented;
And as the Snuff got further in,
Sincerely ſhe repented.
In vain ſhe ran about for Eaſe,
She could do Nothing elſe but ſneeze!

She

8 She daſhed the Spectacles away,
To wipe her tingling Eyes;
And as in twenty Bits they lay,
Her Grandmamma ſhe ſpies.
"Hey day! and what's the Matter now?"
Cried Grandmamma, with lifted Brow

9 Matilda, ſmarting with the Pain,
And tingling ſtill, and ſore,
Made many a Promiſe to refrain
From Meddling, evermore;
And 't is a Fact, as I have heard,
She ever ſince has kept her Word.

" The Woods and the Hedges with Verdure look gay,
And Daiſies enamel the Plain."

SPRING.

1 AH! ſee how the Ices are melting away,
The Rivers have burſt from their Chain;
The Woods and the Hedges with Verdure look gay,
And Daiſies enamel the Plain.

2 The Sun riſes high and ſhines warm o'er the Dale,
The Orchards with Bloſſoms are white;
The Voice of the Woodlark is heard in the Vale,
And the Cuckoo returns from her Flight.

3 Young Lambs ſport and friſk on the Side of the Hill,
The Honey-bee wakes from her Sleep;
The Turtle-dove opens her ſoft-cooing Bill,
And Snow-drops and Primroſes peep.

4 All Nature looks active, delightful, and gay,
The Creatures begin their Employ;
Ah! let me not be leſs induſtrious than they,
An idle or indolent Boy!

Now

5 Now while in the Spring of my Vigour and Bloom,
In the Paths of fair Learning I 'll run;
Nor let the beſt Part of my Being conſume,
With Nothing of Conſequence done.

6 Thus while to my Leſſons with Care I attend,
And ſtore up the Knowledge I gain,
When the Winter of Age ſhall upon me deſcend,
'T will cheer the dark Seaſon of Pain.

"And thus he found that to the Good
No Evil ſhould betide."

THE HAND-POST.

1 THE Night was dark, the Sun was hid
Beneath the Mountain gray;
And not a ſingle Star appear'd
To ſhoot a ſilver Ray.

2 Acroſs the Heath the Owlet flew,
And ſcream'd along the Blaſt;
And onward, with a quicken'd Step,
Benighted Henry paſſ'd.

3 At Intervals, amid the Gloom,
A Flaſh of Light'ning play'd,
And ſhow'd the Ruts with Water fill'd,
And the black Hedge's Shade.

4 Again in thickeſt Darkneſs plung'd,
He grop'd his Way to find;
And now he thought he ſpied beyond
A Form of horrid Kind.

5 In deadly White it upwards roſe,
Of Cloak or Mantle bare,
And held its naked Arms acroſs
To catch him by the Hair.

6 Poor Henry felt his Blood run cold
At what before him ſtood;
"But, well," thought he, "no Harm, I'm sure,
Can happen to the Good."

So

7 So calling all his Courage up,
He to the Goblin went;
And eager through the diſmal Gloom
His piercing Eyes he bent.

8 And when he came well-nigh the Ghoſt
That gave him ſuch Affright,
He clapp'd his Hands upon his Side,
And loudly laugh'd outright.

9 For 't was a friendly Hand-poſt ſtood,
His wand'ring Steps to guide;
And thus he found that to the Good
No Evil ſhould betide.

10 "And well," thought he, "one Thing I 've learn'd,
Nor ſoon ſhall I forget, —
Whatever frightens me again
To march ſtraight up to it.

11 "And when I hear an idle Tale
Of Goblins and a Ghoſt,
I' ll tell of this, my lonely Walk,
And the tall, white Hand-poſt."

"Animation and Vigour are fled,
And yield to Infirmity now."

OLD AGE.

1 WHO is this that comes tott'ring along?
His Footſteps are feeble and ſlow,
His Beard has grown curling and long,
And his Head is turn'd white as the Snow.

2 His dim Eye is ſunk in his Head,
And Wrinkles deep furrow his Brow;
Animation and Vigour are fled,
And yield to Infirmity now.

3 Little Stranger, his Name is Old Age,
His Journey will ſhortly be o'er,
He ſoon will leave Life's buſy Stage,
To be torn by Affliction no more.

4 Little Stranger, though, healthy and ſtrong,
You now all Adverſity brave,
Like him you muſt totter ere long,
Like him you muſt ſink to the Grave.

Those

5 Thoſe Limbs that ſo actively play,
That Face, beaming Pleaſure and Mirth,
Like his muſt drop into Decay,
And moulder away in the Earth.

6 Then, ere the dark Seaſon of Night,
When Youth and its Energies ceaſe,
Oh! follow with Zeal and Delight,
Thoſe Paths that are Pleaſure and Peace.

7 So Triumph and Hope ſhall be nigh,
When failing and fainting you breathe;
'T will light a bright Spark in your Eye
As it cloſes forever in Death.

"Thus Colin, though a Shepherd Boy,
Was ever glad and gay."

THE SHEPHERD BOY.

1 UPON a Mountain's graſſy Side,
Where many a tall Fir grew,
Young Colin wander'd with his Flocks,
And many a Hardſhip knew.

2 No downy Pillow for his Head,
No ſhelter'd Home had he;
The green Graſs was his only Bed
Beneath ſome ſhady Tree.

3 Dry Bread, and Water from the Spring
Compoſ'd his temp'rate Fare;
Yet Colin ate with thankful Heart,
Nor felt a Murmur there.

4 A cheerful Smile upon his Face
Was ever ſeen to play;
He envy'd not the Rich nor Great,
More happy far than they.

While

5 While 'neath ſome ſpreading Shade he ſat
Beſide his fleecy Flocks,
His ſoft Pipe warbl'd through the Wood,
And echo'd from the Rocks.

6 An ancient Caſtle on the Plain
In ſilent Grandeur ſtood,
And there the young Lord Henry dwelt,
The Proud, but not the Good.

7 And oft he wander'd o'er the Plain,
Or on the Mountain's Side,
And with Surpriſe, and Envy too,
The humble Colin ey'd.

8 "And why," ſaid he, "am I deny'd
That Cheerfulneſs and Joy
That ever ſmiles upon the Face
Of this poor Shepherd Boy?

9 "Nor Titles, Honours, nor Eſtates,
No Wealth nor Power has he;
And yet, though deſtitute and poor,
He ſeems more bleſt than me."

10 For this Lord Henry did not know,
That Pleaſure ne'er is found
Where angry Paſſions reign and rule,
And evil Deeds abound.

Colin,

11 Colin, though poor, was humble too,
Benevolent and kind;
While Paſſion, Anger, Rage, and Pride
Diſturbed Lord Henry's Mind.

12 Thus Colin, though a Shepherd Boy,
Was ever glad and gay;
And Henry, though a noble Lord,
To Diſcontent a Prey.

"My Stock of Wiſdom I'll improve,
Nor be a Butterfly."

THE BUTTERFLY.

1 THE Butterfly, an idle Thing,
Nor Honey makes, nor yet can ſing,
Like to the Bee and Bird;
Nor does it, like the prudent Ant,
Lay up the Grain for Time of Want,
A wiſe and cautious Hoard.

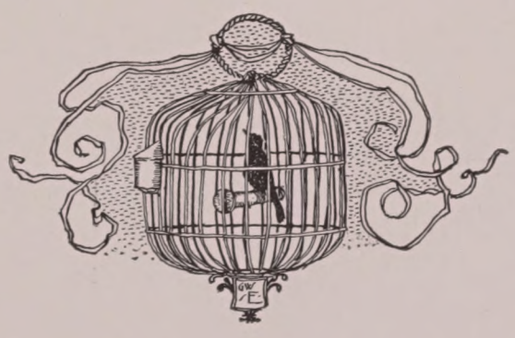
2 My Youth is but a Summer's Day:
Then, like the Bee and Ant, I'll lay
A Store of Learning by;
And though from Flower to Flower I rove,
My Stock of Wiſdom I 'll improve,
Nor be a Butterfly.

"Thy plaintive Notes, ſweet Philomel,
All other Melodies excel."

THE NIGHTINGALE.

1 THY plaintive Notes, ſweet Philomel,
All other Melodies excel.
Deep in the Grove retir'd,
Thou ſeem'ſt thyſelf and Song to hide,
Nor doſt thou boaſt or plume with Pride,
Nor wiſh to be admir'd.

2 So, if endu'd with Power and Grace,
And with that Power my Will keep Pace
To act a gen'rous Part,
Hence, paltry oſtentatious Show!
Nor let my lib'ral Actions know
A Witneſs but my Heart.



"Who'll come and play with me here under the Tree,
My Siſters have left me alone."

WHO'LL COME AND PLAY?

1 WHO'LL come and play with me here
under the Tree?
My Sifters have left me alone;
My ſweet little Sparrow, come hither to me,
And play with me while they are gone."

2 "Oh, no, little Lady, I can't come, indeed,
I 've no Time to idle away,
I 've got all my dear little Children to feed,
And my Neſt to new cover with Hay."

3 "Pretty Bee, do not buzz about over the Flower,
But come here and play with me, do;
The Sparrow won't come and ſtay with me an
Hour,
But ſay, pretty Bee, will not you?"

4 "Oh, no, little Lady, for do not you ſee,
Thoſe muſt work who would proſper and
thrive?
If I play, they would call me a ſad idle Bee,
And perhaps turn me out of the Hive."
"Stop,

5 "Stop, ſtop, little Ant! do not run off ſo faſt!
Wait with me a little and play.
I hope I ſhall find a Companion at laſt,
You are not ſo buſy as they."

6 "Oh, no, little Lady, I can't ſtay with you,
We're not made to play, but to labour;
I always have Something or other to do,
If not for myſelf, for a Neighbour."

7 "What then, have they all ſome Employment but me,
Who lay lounging here like a Dunce?
Oh, then, like the Ant, and the Sparrow, and Bee,
I'll go to my Leſſon at once."

"I tript with the firſt roſy Beam of the Morn
To cull the green Tops. Come, my Turnip-tops buy!"

TURNIP-TOPS.

1 WHILE yet the white Froſt ſparkles over the Ground,
And Daylight juſt peeps from the miſty blue Sky,
In yonder green Fields, with my Baſket I'm found;
Come, buy my ſweet Turnip-tops! Turnip-tops buy!

2 Sadly cold are my Fingers, all drench'd with the Dew,
For the Sun has ſcarce riſen the Meadows to dry;
And my Feet have got wet with a Hole in my Shoe:
Come, haſte then, and buy my ſweet Turnip-tops, buy!

3 While you were aſleep, with your Bed-curtains drawn,
On Pillows of Down in your Chambers ſo high,
I tript with the firſt roſy Beam of the Morn
To cull the green Tops. Come, my Turnip-tops buy!

Then

4 Then, with a few Half-pence or Pence I can earn,
A Loaf for my poor Mammy's Breakfaſt I 'll buy;
And to-morrow again little Ann ſhall return
With Turnip-tops green and freſh gathered, to cry.

"The Sun rises bright in the Air,
The Dews of the Morning are dry."

DAY.

1 THE Sun riſes bright in the Air,
The Dews of the Morning are dry,
Men and Beaſts to their Labours repair,
And the Lark wings his Way to the Sky.
Now freſh from his moſs-dappl'd Shed,
The Huſbandman trudges along;
And like the Lark over his Head,
Begins the new Day with a Song.

2 Juſt now All around was ſo ſtill;
Not a Bird drew his Head from his Wing,
Not an Echo was heard from the Hill,
Not a Water-fly dipp'd in the Spring.
Now, Everything wakes from its Sleep,
The Shepherd Boy pipes to his Flock,
The Common is ſpeckl'd with Sheep,
And cheerfully clamours the Cock.

3 Now, winding along on the Road,
Half hid by the Hedges ſo gay,
The Waggon drags ſlow with its Load,
And its Bells tinkle, tinkle away.
The Huſbandman follows his Plough
Acroſs the brown fallow Field's Slope,
And toils in the ſweat of his Brow,
Repaid by the Pleaſures of Hope.

The

4 The City, ſo noiſy and wide,
Begins to look ſmoky and gray;
Now Buſ'neſs, and Pleaſure, and Pride,
March each in a different Way.
My Lord and my Lady ſo fair,
The Merchant, with dignifi'd Look,
And All to their Buſ'neſs repair,
From the Nobleman down to his Cook.

5 For the Dews of the Morning are flown,
And the Sun riſes bright in the Sky;
Alike in the Field and the Town,
Men and Beaſts to their Labour apply.
And idle no Hand muſt remain,
Nor Eye ſink in Slumber ſo dark,
For Evening is coming again,
And the Night, in which no Man can work.

6 And what is our Life but a Day?
A ſhort one that ſoon will be o'er;
Without ſtopping it gallops away,
And will never return any more.
Then while its bright Beamings we have,
Let us keep its grand Buſ'neſs in View,
Before our Sun ſets in the Grave,
Which we know not how ſoon it may do.

"The poor old Man was once as gay
As rosy Health could be."

THE YELLOW LEAF.

1 I SAW a Leaf come tilting down
From a bare, wither'd Bough;
The Leaf was dead, the Branch was brown,
No Fruit was left it now.

2 But much the rattling Tempeſt blew,
The naked Boughs among;
And here and there came whirling through,
A Leaf that looſely hung.

3 This Leaf, they tell me, once was green,
Waſh'd by the Showers ſoft;
High on the topmoſt Bough 'twas ſeen,
And flouriſhed up aloft.

4 I ſaw an old Man totter ſlow,
Wrinkl'd, and weak, and gray;
He 'd hardly ſtrength enough to go
Ever ſo ſhort a Way.

His

5 His Ear was deaf, his Eye was dim,
He lean'd on Crutches high;
But while I ſtaid to pity him,
I ſaw him gaſp and die.

6 The poor old Man was once as gay
As roſy Health could be.
Yes, and the youngeſt Head muſt lay,
Ere long, as low as he.

"Mary never idle ſits,
She either ſews, or ſpins, or knits."

THE ENGLISH GIRL.

1 SPORTING on the Village Green
The pretty Engliſh Girl is ſeen;
Or beſide her Cottage neat,
Knitting on the Garden-ſeat.

2 Now within her humble Door,
Sweeping clean the Kitchen Floor,
Where, upon the wall ſo white,
Hang her Coppers poliſh'd bright.

3 Mary never idle ſits,
She either ſews, or ſpins, or knits,
Hard ſhe labours all the Week,
With ſparkling Eye and roſy Cheek.

4 And on Sunday Mary goes,
Neatly dreſſ'd in decent Clothes,
Says her Prayers (a conſtant Rule),
And haſtens to the Sunday-ſchool.

5 O how good ſhould we be found,
Who live on England's happy Ground!
Where Rich and Poor and Wretched may
All learn to walk in Wiſdom's Way.

"In harmleſs Sport and healthful Play
He never paſſ'd his Time away."

MISCHIEF.

1 LET thoſe who 're fond of idle Tricks,
Of throwing Stones, and breaking Bricks,
And all that Sort of Fun;
Now hear a Tale of idle Jim,
That they may warning take by him,
Nor do as he has done.

2 In harmleſs Sport and healthful Play
He never paſſ'd his Time away,
He took no Pleaſure in it;
For Miſchief was his only Joy,
Nor Book, nor Work, nor even Toy,
Could pleaſe him for a Minute.

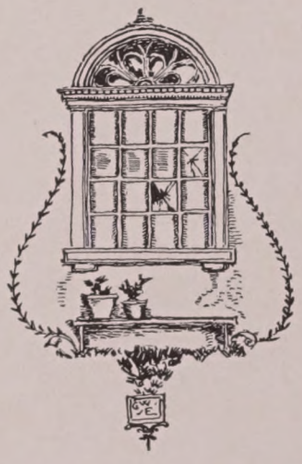
3 A Neighbour's Houſe he'd ſlily paſs,
And throw a Stone to break the Glaſs,
And then enjoy the Joke;
Or if a Window open ſtood,
He 'd throw in Stones or Bits of Wood
To frighten all the Folk.

If

4 If trav'llers paſſing chanc'd to ſtay,
Of idle Jim to aſk the Way,
He never told them right;
And then, quite harden'd in his Sin,
Rejoic'd to ſee them taken in,
And laugh'd with all his Might.

5 He 'd tie a String acroſs the Street,
So to entangle People's Feet,
And make them tumble down.
Indeed, he was diſlik'd ſo much
That no good Boy would play with ſuch
A Nuiſance to the Town.

6 At laſt the Neighbours in Deſpair
Could all theſe Tricks no longer bear;
In ſhort (to end the Tale),
The Lad was cur'd of all his Ways
One Time, by ſpending a few Days
Inſide the County Jail.



"There were two little Girls, neither handsome nor plain,
One's Name was Eliza, the other was Jane."

JANE AND ELIZA.

1 THERE were two little Girls, neither handſome nor plain,
One's Name was Eliza, the other was Jane;
They were both of one Height, as I 've heard People ſay,
And both of an Age, I believe, to a Day.

2 'T was thought by moſt People, who ſlightly had ſeen them,
There was not a Pin to be choſen between them;
But no one for long in this Notion perſiſted,
So great a diſtinction there *really* exiſted.

3 Eliza knew well that ſhe could not be pleaſing
While fretting and fuming, while ſulky or teaſing;
And therefore, in Company, artfully tried,
Not to *break* her bad Habit, but only to *hide*.

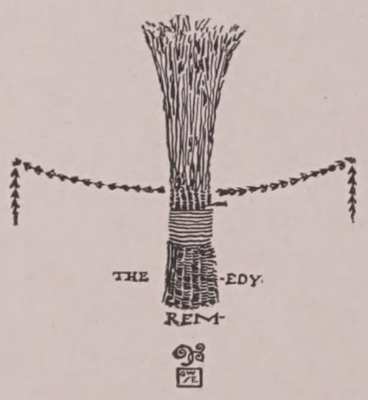
4 So when ſhe was out, with much Labour and Pain,
She contriv'd to look *almoſt* as pleaſing as Jane;
But I 'm ſure you 'd have laughed, to have known all the while
How her Mouth would oft ache while ſhe forc'd it to ſmile.

But

5 But in ſpite of her care, it would ſometimes befall
That ſome croſs Event happened to ruin it all;
And becauſe it might chance that her Share was the worſt,
Her Temper broke looſe and her Dimples diſperſ'd.

6 But Jane, who had Nothing ſhe wanted to hide,
And therefore theſe troubleſome Arts never tried,
Had none of the Care and Fatigue of concealing,
But her Face always ſhow'd what her Boſom was feeling.

7 The Smiles that upon her ſweet countenance were,
At Home or abroad, they were conſtantly there;
And Eliza work'd hard, but could never obtain
The Affection that freely was given to Jane.



"Like cheerful Birds as I begin
This Day, oh, keep my Soul from Sin."

RISING IN THE MORNING.

1 THRICE welcome to my opening Eyes
The morning Beam, which bids me riſe
To all the Joys of Youth;
For thy Protection whilſt I ſlept,
O Lord, my humble Thanks accept,
And bleſs my Lips with Truth.

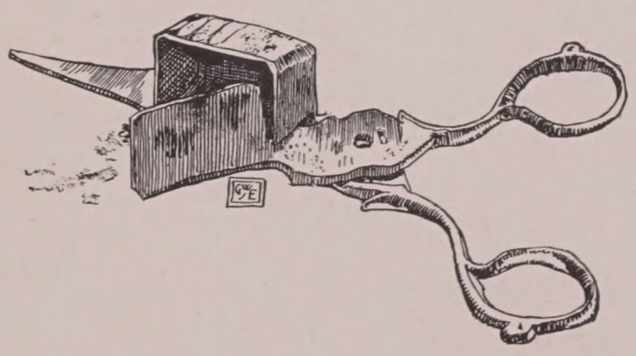
2 Like cheerful Birds as I begin
This Day, oh, keep my Soul from Sin,
And all Things ſhall be well.
Thou gav'ſt me Health and Clothes and Food,
Preſerve me, innocent and good,
Till Evening Curfew Bell.

"Receive my Body, pretty Bed;
Soft Pillow, O receive my Head."

GOING TO BED AT NIGHT.

1 RECEIVE my Body, pretty Bed;
Soft Pillow, oh, receive my Head;
And Thanks, my Parents kind:
Thoſe Comforts who for me provide,
Their Precept ſtill ſhall be my Guide,
Their Love I 'll keep in Mind.

2 My Hours miſpent this Day I rue,
My good Things done, how very few!
Forgive my Faults, O Lord!
This Night, if in thy Grace I reſt,
To-morrow may I riſe refreſh'd,
To keep thy holy Word.



"Now they frolic, Hand in Hand,
Making many a merry Chain."

THE VILLAGE GREEN.

1 ON the cheerful Village Green,
Scatter'd round with Houſes neat,
All the Boys and Girls are ſeen,
Playing there with buſy Feet.

2 Now they frolic, Hand in Hand,
Making many a merry Chain;
Then they form a warlike Band,
Marching o'er the level Plain.

3 Then aſcends the worſted Ball,
High it riſes in the Air;
Or againſt the Cottage Wall,
Up and down it bounces there.

4 Or the Hoop, with even Race,
Runs before the merry Crowd:
Joy is ſeen in every Face;
Joy is heard in Clamours loud.

For

5 For among the Rich and Gay,
Fine and Grand and deck'd in Laces,
None appear more glad than they,
With happier Hearts or happier Faces.

6 Then, contented with my State,
Let me envy not the Great,
Since true Pleaſure may be ſeen
On a cheerful Village Green.

THE
END

RD 2

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

DOBBS BROS.
LIBRARY BINDING
AUG 75
ST. AUGUSTINE
FLA.
32084

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 029 715 586 6